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TIME ON THE IRON HORSE,

A NEW

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

BY

THOMAS G. HODGKINS,

CONFECTIONER,

49 Courtlandt-Street, New-York,

For Gratuitous Distribution among his Friends and Patrons.

To my Friends and Patrons:

More than sixteen years have now elapsed, since I commenced business in this City: during which time, thanks to your kind support, my success has been unprecedented. It has been literally a race between us, particularly for the last few years; the object of contention, whether the demand should be greater than the supply, or *vice versa.*

How many times after increasing my facilities for manufacturing, and after engaging more help than I thought it possible I could require, have I found my preparations barely sufficient! and by endeavouring to be constantly two or three months ahead, I find that I just keep pace with Time. The old fellow incessantly urges me on, and tells me that I shall have plenty of leisure to rest, when I am at my journey's end, which he assures me is only a few steps distant. Nor do I turn a deaf ear to his suggestions: you my old friends will bear witness that hitherto, I have each year made increased efforts to give satisfaction, and the proud consciousness that my endeavours have not been fruitless, has been my brightest reward.

In offering you this little homage, allow me to say that I am sorry that it is not more worth your acceptance: it was only commenced a few days ago, with a view of placing it on a candy wrapper: it grew too large for the intended purpose, although it is too diminutive for a pamphlet. I had time enough for the former, but not enough for the latter, without interfering with matters of more grave importance.

Allow me my friends to reiterate my thanks for past favors; wishing you a happy new year.

I remain respectfully your obliged Serv't.

New-York, Nov. 23, 1847.

TIME

ON THE

IRON HORSE,

A NEW

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

NOT *by Dickens.*

Is it not a cause of wonder,
Britons say we steal their thunder?
About that copy-right, they're vext,
But what the deuce will they claim next.
The steed call'd Lightning, (say the fates)
Is owned in the United States.
'Twas FRANKLIN'S hand that caught the horse,
'Twas harness'd by Professor Morse,
WE steal their thunder! WE indeed!
Thunder's the neighing of our steed.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY

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Everdell & Son, 104 Fulton-st. N. Y.

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"This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly."

"Some rhyme, a neebors name to lash,
Some rhyme, (vain thought,) for needfu cash;
Some rhyme, to court the kintra clash
An raise a din:
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for fun."

"Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime,
Wi hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin?"

TO THE READER.

I read some weeks since in one of the daily prints, I believe the Courier and Enquirer, an account of some interesting experiments made with Proffessor Morse's telegraph; wherein it was stated that a communication sent from Jersey City to Washington, would reach the latter place in advance of the Sun.—In other words; if it started from Jersey City, say at 12 M., it would arrive at Washington, before 12 M. of the same day—or in advance of Time.

A casual remark, made by a much valued friend, respecting the rapid flight of time, determined me to make the above circumstance the basis of the following *jeu d'esprit.*

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TIME ON THE IRON HORSE,

A CHRISTMAS CAROL,

Addressed by T. G. Hodgkins, to his friends and Patrons.

Of late, my friends, it seems indeed,
That time moves on with Rail-road speed:
But in the words of sober truth
It was not thus, in early youth;
Then, Time paced on with sober tread,
While hand-in-hand the hours he led;
And in their train came Day and Night,
The Seasons followed:—all was right.

The farmer toil'd not then in vain,
For Autumn fill'd his barns with grain;
Summer brought forth her choicest fruits,
With garden-stuffs and wholesome roots;
Spring gave her flowers;—Winters snows,
Gave Nature leisure to repose.

I've said time mov'd with even pace,
But, (strictly) this was not the case;
When Misery, or Grief, or Pain,
Or fell Despair, would join his train,
He'd kindly take them by the hand,
And bid the hours attendant stand,
Or else advance with step more slow,
That he might hear their tale of woe.
When Mirth, or Pleasure, join'd the throng
He'd urge th' unwilling hours along:

"Pass on ye hours! and mend your gait!
"For Time and Tide on none can wait.
"Now Happiness and Mirth be brief,
"We've been delay'd by Pain and grief:
"Haste then, ye hours!—haste away!
"For Time and Tide, brook no delay."
Thus Old Time, for many a day
Conducted things in his own way.
But lo! Fame shouts until she's hoarse,
"TIME'S BEATEN BY PROFESSOR MORSE,"
And Echo, makes Old Time more cross,
As she repeats "PROFESSOR MORSE!"
"Professor Morse!" quoth Time "indeed,"
"Vulcan provide an iron steed,
"Professor Morse!—I surely dream;
"*Qu'importe*—henceforth I go by STEAM.
Then Spring spoke out: "Oh Time take heed!
"We may not travel with such speed."
"My flow'rs will cease to bloom" she said:
"And thousands die for want of bread,"
(Autumn rejoin'd) "Oh Time beware!
"Nor drive poor mortals to despair."
—Then Summer thus: "Oh Father pause,
"And tamper not with Nature's laws,
"Look on her beauteous face, so gay—
"So full of Truth—of Wisdom,—Nay!
"Forbid it Time! Forbid it Fate!
"That Nature be made desolate!"—
"Professor Morse! Professor Morse!"
Mumbled Old Time between each pause.
"This fellow knows too much by half;
"Confound him and his telegraph!
Then hoary Winter silence broke:

"Indeed Time this, is past a joke."
"*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,*
"My old friend Time reflect on that:
"If you succeed, we've lived in vain,
"And Chaos must return again.
"Oh Time! think less of this defeat,
"And learn—the Yankees can't be beat!—
"To this advent'rous race was given,
"To bring the lightning down from Heav'n.
"FRANKLIN, Columbia's daring son
"Essay'd it, and the thing was done!
"If you reflect, you'll see 'tis plain
"These people do not strive in vain,
"And what they once attempt to do,
"In spite of Fate, they'll carry through.
"Their prows the briny flood divide,
"Defying adverse wind and tide,
"And proudly breast the sparkling spray,
"As through the deep they plow their way:
"FULTON another of this race,
"Who set at naught both Time and Space,
"Accomplish'd this:—but Neptune smil'd,
"And hail'd him Ocean's fav'rite child;
"Do thou the like—what can't be cur'd,
"Must with good temper be endur'd.
Stern winter ceas'd.—Then Time replied;
"Come weal! come woe! Old Time will ride.
"Neptune experienc'd no defeat,
"But Fame proclaims that Time is beat!!!
—"Where golden ears enrich'd the plain,
"May dire disease and famine reign;
"May Love and Friendship be forgot,
"While Earths choice products blighted rot;

"And famish'd thousands pine for bread,
"While unentomb'd remain the dead.
"Of Famine let young children die,
"Mothers look on, without a sigh:
"Let Youth and Beauty cease to move,
"And selfish man inspire no love:
"He then perhaps may draw a line,
"'Twixt human things and things divine."
And while Old Time with passion fum'd,
Winter with coolness thus resum'd:
"Beware oh Time! for I've been told,
"These men are not of mortal mould:
"But confidence my lips has seal'd,
"And more may now, not be reveal'd,
"I would that I might speak more plain,
"But trust me Time, your threats are vain.—
—"Varied their clime: their soil is good,
"Enrich'd with patriots' purest blood;
"That when it flow'd, conferr'd a charm,
"To shield the land from threaten'd harm.
"Apollo with his choicest rays,
"Quickly matures their wheat and maize;
"Should lengthen'd drouth attack their grain,
"Espy at call can furnish rain.
"And Morse the while your pow'r he braves,
"Cries, 'Time was surely made for slaves.'
"They need it."—"In our favour'd clime
"Our freemen go ahead of Time."—
"My friend reflect, and tell me pray,
"Do mortals with Heav'ns light'nings play,
"Is't in the pow'r of human skill
"To bend creation to its will?
"There's HARE of this same race of men,

"With Oxygen and Hydrogen,
"(Intended chiefly at the first,
"Of animals to quench the thirst,*
"And to promote the growth of plants,
"That might supply their other wants),
"Which by his super-human skill,
"Having subjected to his will,
"He forces nature to reveal
"Truths she intended to conceal;
"And dissipates at once in air,
"What took her ages to prepare."†
"Let me advise you as a friend,
"Do not with this wise race contend.—
"Behold the hardy Pioneer,
"Of iron frame; soul void of fear,
"Give him his rifle and his axe,
"No other implements he lacks;
"A home he seeks in the far West,
"Where weary Phœbus sinks to rest:
"In the drear waste, his axe he rears;
"The timber falls;—and grisly bears
"And panthers fly:—a town appears!
"Now straight before our wondring eyes,
"Factories, mills and schools arise:

*Oxygen and hydrogen gases are the constituents of water, which is a mixture of two measures of the latter gas to one of the former.—Water may be made by mixing the gases in the above proportions.

†Dr. Robert Hare, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Philadelphia, published in the 1st Vol. of Bruce's Mineralogical journal, an account of very intense degrees of heat, which he had produced and directed on different bodies, by a jet of flame consisting of oxygen and hydrogen gases, in the proportion requisite for forming water."—*Ure's Dic'y of Chemistry.*

By the aid of these gases the diamond, chalk, and a variety of other refractory compounds have been fused, and some dissipated in air.—*Ibid.*

"In wilds, till now by man untrod,
"We see a temple rise to God.—
"What have we here? a Printing Press!
"How came it in the wilderness?
"Immortal hands that engine made,
"And thither brought by Franklin's shade,
"Its types proclaim from hour to hour
"This moral truth: 'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'
"Ere Freedom dwelt in this fair land
"Of patriots, a daring band
"Went forth and Britains pow'r defied,
"For freedom fought—for freedom died.—
"Pallas* was present in each field,
"And in their van, she bore her shield,
"Was ever foremost in the fight,
"Her war-cry 'HEAV'N DEFEND THE RIGHT.'
"Rivers of human blood were shed—
"For Mars, himself, the Britons led.
"Unceasingly the Godhead toil'd,
"He found his strength by wisdom foil'd.
"Incens'd he hurl'd his gory mace,
"He aim'd it at Minerva's face,
"True to its aim the missile sped,
"And struck with force the Gorgon's head:†
"Pallas in time had rais'd her shield,
"Medusa's teeth bestrew the field.
"Minerva smil'd—Proud Mars, said she,
"Here's something to remember me."

* Pallas and Minerva, were names indiscriminately assigned to the Goddess of Wisdom.

† Medusa, one of the three Gorgons, daughters of Phorcys and Ceto, had, in common with her sisters, the power of converting into stone every object on which she fixed her eyes. Perseus surprised her sleeping, and cut off her head, which he subsequently gave to Minerva, who placed it in the centre of her ægis, or shield.

Her javelin she pois'd on high,
And bade the unerring weapon fly;
Now on the helm of Mars it rings,
And tears into his eyes it brings:
The God was stunn'd:—so great the shock,
It might have split a granite rock.
A sprig, shorn from his laurel wreath,
Dropt at his feet upon the heath;
The plant took root, and where it fell
Still flourishes, the tale to tell
And mark the spot where heroes fell.
The thunder growls:—the clouds are riven—
A voice is heard—it comes from Heav'n:
"Immortals! let this contest cease—
"Britons desist—go home in peace!
"In Heav'n these patriots put their trust,
"And not in vain:—their cause is just.
"For home, for liberty they fight;
"Their motto: Heav'n defend the right!"
The British listen with dismay,
And instantly the voice obey.
And now the bloody contest o'er,
Pallas exclaimed—"I fight no more!"
Upon the well contested field
She into fragments broke her shield;
She summon'd Vulcan to her aid
And then the Printing Press was made.

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Like liquid fire the metal glows,
Like lava from the furnace flows.—
And now terrific thunders roll,
And lightnings flash from pole to pole:

Blind Superstition stands aghast ;
Tyranny feels her reign is past ;
While Despotism inly groans,
Earths monarch's totter on their thrones.
The work is cast : Medusa's head
Remains entire, inspiring dread ;
Pallas seized it nothing daunted,
" Here's the very thing we wanted,
" For a Printing Press, she said,
" Would needs require both cheeks and head."
Medusa's teeth she counted o'er,
And found they number'd twenty-four.
" Pity," she said, " they are so few—"
" She formerly had thirty-two :
" To the effect of Mar's mace
" This mishap we may plainly trace ;
" But I, myself, will furnish two."
Her wisdom teeth then Vulcan drew :
The thunder peal'd—Jupiter smil'd—
" 'Tis bravely done my noble child !"
" Those teeth shall not be giv'n in vain.—"
He ceas'd : the thunder roll'd again :
The teeth she in a matrix flung,
Together with the Gorgon's tongue.
" Now, she exclaim'd, events are ripe,
" Take instantly the form of type :
" Henceforth misrule shall surely find
" That type are tongue and teeth combin'd !
" Teeth, she exclaim'd you shall defend
" The Press—the freeman's surest friend :
" Be vigilant, and have a care
" That no hand place a muzzle there !
" O Tongue ! be heard in Virtue's cause,

"Inculcate rev'rence to the laws;
"Instruct Columbia's rising youth
"Error to shun, and seek for truth;
"And in their search they shall not fail:
"Truth is mighty and will prevail;
"For on Jehova's throne 'tis writ:
"Magna est veritas et prœvalebit
"Columbia's sons:—Adieu! Adieu!
"Minerva's shield remains with you."
She ceased:—again the thunder roar'd,
And up to Heav'n the Goddess soar'd.
"Then Time replied: "My worthy friend,
"I've heard you fairly to an end;
"But 'one convinc'd against his will
"Retains the same opinion still.'
"I see I've left but one resource,
"I must bestride the 'Iron Horse:—'
"'I must to horse,' said he, 'I find,'
"Or else I shall be left behind.—
"Ho there! who waits? Bring out my horse!—
"Ah! my old gossip Santa Claus!
"Where are ye bound?—jump up behind;
"For once you'll travel like the wind.
"Now quick, Mynheer, pray send away,
"Your jaded deer and worn-out sleigh:
"You'll find my baggage cars more handy
"To store away your toys and candy.
"Now all aboard!—come 48!—
"Madam be quick, for Time can't wait.
"All aboard—Stop! Time, my muff!
"The lady's muff! the lady's muff!"
"Too late!—gr–r–r—puff—puff—puff—puff."

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Hark! whence proceeds that rumbling sound,
That vibrates o'er the frozen ground
Like distant thunder!—Now 'tis past;
Now swells again upon the blast!—
The cars approach—"keep back!—keep back!
"Now gentles, pray keep of the track,
"There's Time upon his metal horse;
"There's the New-Year and Santa Claus."
"O, raise me up—I want to see
"Good Santa Claus:—say, which is he?"
"'And me, papa!'—'and me!'—'and me!'"
"There he is, children, on the horse.
"A cheer! a cheer for Santa Claus!
"'Huzza! huzza!' another cheer—
"Another for the coming year!
"Huzza! huzza! for 48!—
"We hope her course will go on straight;
"May she our happiness increase;
"And may she bring a lasting Peace!"
"And now, my friends, I do opine
"You'll give one cheer for 49—
"*In Courtlandt-Street*, I mean, of course,
"The famed resort of Santa Claus.
"He'll soon be there, without a doubt,
"With fell intent to buy me out:
"He's tried to do it oft before,
"But fail'd—his sleigh would hold no more.
"This time he's coming, bless my stars!
"And brings with him a train of cars.
"My friends, you may be sure I'll try
"My best to furnish a supply:
"Come early—for, in spite of fate,
"Those who come last will be too late.

At Hodgkins' in Courtlandt-street,
The Jersey people often meet
Before they cross the ferry;
For all of them feel well assured
That no where else can be procured
Such cheap Confectionary.
The merchants from the South and West
All say they like his Candies best,
They suit the Southern trade:
They're pack'd with care, and carry well,
As many a Western man will tell
There are no better made.

Binder
Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

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